From the Author.

5

THE

EIGHTEENTH EPISTLE

Of the First Book of

HORACE

IMITATED.

(Price One Shilling.)

Q. HORATII FLACCI

EPISTOLARUM

LIBRI PRIMI

EPISTOLA DECIMA OCTAVA.

LONDINI:
Impensis R. & J. Dodsley in vico Pall-mall;
Prostant venales apud M. Cooper in Pater-noster-Row.
MDCCLVI.

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SI benè te novi, metues, liberrime Lolli,
Scurrantis ſpeciem præbere, profeſſus amicum.
Ut matrona meretrici diſpar erit atque
Diſcolor, infido ſcurræ diſtabit amicus.
Eſt huic diverſum vitio vitium propè majus,
Aſperitas agreſtis, & inconcinna, gravíſque,

THE EIGHTEENTH EPISTLE OF THE First Book of *HORACE* IMITATED.

TO A FRIEND.

* *! if one, who knows you, may commend,
By ſervile Arts you never made a Friend.
Not wider varies SHERLOCK from ROMAINE,
* * from Patriot, Prude from Lady VANE,
Than you from the ſmooth Sycophant, who greets
With Hugs and Compliments each Fool he meets.
Yet there's a Fault, ev'n worſe, tho' diff'rent quite;
An Air, a Mien, that ſhocks you at firſt Sight;

Quæ ſe commendat tonsâ cute, dentibus atris:
Dum vult libertas dici mera, veráque virtus.
VIRTUS eſt medium vitiorum, & utrinque reductum:
Alter, in obſequium plus æquo pronus, & imi
Deriſor lecti; ſic nutum divitis horret,
Sic iterat voces, & verba cadentia tollit,
Ut puerum ſævo credas dictata magiſtro
Reddere, vel partes mimum tractare ſecundas.
Alter rixatur de lanâ ſæpe caprinâ,
Propugnat nugis armatus; ſcilicet ut non
Sit mihi prima fides? & verè quod placet, ut non
Acritèr elatrem? pretium ætas altera ſordet.

A Roughneſs, whoſe ſole Pride is to appear
In Dreſs, in Language, manly and ſincere.
Ælius, one Simper dimpling o'er his Face,
Wriggles into the Preſence of his Grace:
Soon as perceiv'd, with decent Dread o'eraw'd,
He waits at Diſtance, and reveres the Nod;
Then lifts the flatt'ring Mirror to my Lord,
Reflects each Feature, echoes back each Word,
Acts o'er each Geſture with obſervant Zeal,
Ready to catch at ev'ry Syllable.
See, big with Oaths, the Captain! you would ſwear
A Batt'ry were juſt burſting on your Ear:
With Lips all trembling, and with ſtarting Eye,
"Hell! Furies! ſhall I tamely take the Lye?
"My Honour queſtion'd! ſooner than forſake
"This Point, I'd periſh piecemeal on the Rack."

Whence

Ambigitur quid enim? Caſtor ſciat an Dolichos plus?
Brunduſium Minucî meliùs via ducat, an Appî?
Quem damnoſa Venus, quem præceps alea nudat;
Gloria quem ſupra vires & veſtit & unguit;
Quem tenet argenti ſitis importuna famésque;
Quem paupertatis pudor & fuga, dives amicus,
Sæpe decem vitiis inſtructior, odit & horret.
Aut ſi non odit, regit; ac, veluti pia mater,
Plus quàm ſe ſapere, & virtutibus eſſe priorem
Vult: & ait propè vera; Meæ (contendere noli)
Stultitiam patiuntur opes: tibi parvula res eſt:

Whence could ariſe this Storm? alas! from Chat
On Traſh; who ſpeaks in this Houſe, or in that;
Who cloſets whom; or whether it be known,
If C***'s Complexion be her own.

But of all Wrong-heads the firſt ſure is He,
Who dares to mimic Men of Quality;
Who nightly viſits with the roaring Race
The Stews, or pinks a Drawer, like his Grace;
Intrigues with Counteſſes, or frantic ſets
His Lands paternal on two deſp'rate Bets.
Fool! not to know the Great with jealous Eye
See the baſe Vulgar with their Betters vie.
As PHILIPS, when the dirty Deed was done,
Would preach on Chaſtity like pureſt Nun;
Juſt ſo his Lordſhip, in punctilio nice,
Yet deep, as MILO, in the Sink of Vice,
Will ſagely hint, 'This Courſe can never laſt;
'Tis not for you, my Friend, to have a Taſte.

Arcta decet ſanum comitem toga: deſine mecum
Certare. Eutrapelus, cuicunque nocere volebat,
Veſtimenta dabat pretioſa. beatus enim jam
Cum pulchris tunicis ſumet nova conſilia, & ſpes;
Dormiet in lucem; ſcorto poſtponet honeſtum

'Manners ſhould ſuit with Fortune, and with Place;
'In Nobles, Folly has a ſort of Grace.'
Did GALLUS ſee an Heir, he wiſh'd undone;
The ſupple Novice firſt by Praiſe he won:
Next bland and ſmooth in eaſy Stile would trace
The courtly Virtues of Brocade and Lace;
Train him by wholeſome Leſſons to revere
Th' exotic Poliſh of ſome travel'd Peer,
Proud with patrician Ripeneſs to forſake
All Rule, and ſtart at once into a Rake.
Example's Force the verieſt Dunce muſt own:
He dubs Sir TINSEL, and drives up to Town.
To Places, Perſons, no Regard is had:
See him burſt forth right honourably mad!
Women and Sharpers ſeize him in their turns;
At WHITE's he maddens, and at NEEDHAM's burns;
To Routs, to Levees, runs; or in the Ring
Saunters, a ſtaring, loit'ring, liſtleſs Thing:

Officium ; nummos alienos paſcet ; ad imum
Threx erit, aut olitoris aget mercede caballum.
Arcanum neque tu ſcrutaberis illius unquam ;
Commiſſúmque teges, & vino tortus & irâ.
Nec tua laudabis ſtudia, aut aliena reprendes :
Nec, cum venari volet ille, poëmata panges.
Gratia ſic fratrum geminorum, Amphionis atque
Zethi, diſſiluit ; donec ſuſpecta ſevero
Conticuit lyra. Fraternis ceſſiſſe putatur
Moribus Amphion : tu cede potentis amici
Lenibus imperiis ; quotiéſque educet in agros
Ætolis onerata plagis jumenta, canéſque,
Surge, & inhumanæ ſenium depone Camœnæ,
Cœnes ut paritèr pulmenta laboribus emta :
Romanis ſolenne viris opus, utile famæ,
Vitæque & membris : præſertim cum valeas, &
Vel curſu ſuperare canem, vel viribus aprum
Poſſis. Adde, virilia quòd ſpecioſiùs arma

Laſt, ſtript of Manors, Lands, and country Seat,
He flaunts with ragged Ribband in the Fleet.

My Friend! avoid by wily Ways to ſteal
A Secret, or imparted to reveal,
In the weak Hour, when with the ſocial Bowl
Flows the free Thought, or Paſſion ſtirs the ſoul.
Make not thoſe Churls your Pattern, who affect
To treat a Friend's Amuſements with Neglect:
To yield in Trifles ſerves more cloſe to bind
Thoſe Ties endearing, that knit Mind to Mind.
Nor, when the Seaſon calls to Sports, be ſeen
With Brow contracted, or with muſing Mien;
Let Books awhile to Exerciſe give place;
Go! ſpread the Net, or join th' enlivening Chace.
Fly, fly the Siren Indolence; at leaſt
While Youth's briſk Spirit beats within your Breaſt,
And Health, attendant on Life's op'ning Spring,
Bids the light Mind be ever on the Wing.

Non eſt qui tractet. Scis quo clamore coronæ
Prœlia ſuſtineas Campeſtria : denique ſævam
Militiam puer & Cantabrica bella tuliſti
Sub duce, qui templis Parthorum ſigna refigit
Nunc, & ſiquid abeſt, Italis adjudicat armis.
Ac ne te retrahas, & inexcuſabilis abſtes ;
Quamvis nil extra numerum feciſſe modúmque
Curas, interdùm nugaris rure paterno :
Partitur lintres exercitus ; Actia pugna,
Te duce, per pueros hoſtili more refertur :
Adverſarius eſt frater ; lacus Hadria ; donec
Alterutrum velox victoria fronde coronet.
Conſentire ſuis ſtudiis qui crediderit te,
Fautor utroque tuum laudabit pollice ludum.
Protenùs ut moneam ; (ſiquid monitoris eges tu)
Quid de quoque viro, & cui dicas, ſæpè videto.
Percontatorem fugito : nam garrulus idem eſt ;
Nec retinent patulæ commiſſa fideliter aures :

Train'd to the Field our Fathers never knew
The tender Texture, nor the lilly Hue,
But Toil, that roams the Mountain bare and bleak,
Strung ev'ry Nerve, and crimſon'd ev'ry Cheek.
Hence the bright Liſt, that gilds the *Britiſh* Page,
The DRAKES and TALBOTS of each diſtant Age,
Who aw'd proud *France*, or from uſurping *Spain*
Indignant ſnatch'd the Trident of the Main.

Now, Sir, once more, nor may my Zeal offend,
To drop into the Teacher, and the Friend.
Let Candour ever in your Words be ſhewn,
And make another's Character your own.
In Talk with B * * be reſerv'd; for know
News-catchers to a Man are Tatlers too.
As Funnels, open at both Ends, receive
The Liquor firſt, and then to Bottles give,
So Ears, athirſt for Prate, no ſooner gain
The thing they want, but let it out again.

Et ſemel emiſſum volat irrevocabile verbum.
Non ancilla tuum jecur ulceret ulla, puérve,
Intra marmoreum venerandi limen amici:
Ne dominus pueri pulchri charæve puellæ
Munere te parvo beet, aut incommodus angat.
Qualem commendes, etiam atque etiam aſpice; ne mox
Incutiant aliena tibi peccata pudorem.
Fallimur, & quondam non dignum tradimus: ergo,
Quem ſua culpa premet, deceptus omitte tueri.

Before ſuch Bablers ev'ry Sentence weigh;
What's ſpoke, irrevocably flits away.
Tho', once a Tenant of the Muſe's Bow'r,
You ſhare the Friendſhip of the Man in Pow'r,
Teaze not for Trifles; leſt, to give you Pain,
My Lord ſay cooly, your Requeſt's in vain;
Or with a Complaiſance, that rates too high
Th' extorted Favour, cruelly comply.
Some few their int'reſt with the Great abuſe,
Prick'd with the Rage of Politics and News,
Wild as the Wight, who, too agog to bear
Th' eternal Tingle of an itching Ear,
Raviſh'd to catch his Patron in the Mind,
For one State-Secret all his Hopes reſign'd.
Commend ſuch only, whom you long have known;
Or learn to bluſh for Failings, not your own.
Dup'd by raſh Zeal give up, as public Game,
The Fool to Ridicule, the Knave to Shame.

At penitùs notum ſi tentent crimina, ſerves,
Tuteríſque tuo fidenter tuo præſidio: qui
Dente Theonino cum circumroditur, ecquid
Ad te pòſt paulo ventura pericula ſentis?
Nam tua res agitur, paries cum proximus ardet;
Et neglecta ſolent incendia ſumere vires.
Dulcis inexpertis cultura potentis amici:
Expertus metuit. Tu, dum tua navis in alto eſt,
Hoc age, ne mutata retrorsùm te ferat aura.
Oderunt hilarem triſtes, triſtémque jocoſi,
Sedatum celeres, agilem gnavúmque remiſſi:

But ſhould the Man, in whom, (rare Union!) ſhine
Wit's glowing Graces, Reaſon's Spark divine,
Whoſe modeſt Manners Virtue's ſelf approves,
Whom Wiſdom leads thro' Learning's inmoſt Groves,
Stand the fierce Rage of Envy's motley Train,
The Proud, the Bigoted, the Dull, the Vain,
Ariſe! and nobly feeling for your Friend,
His Morals vindicate, his Fame defend,
Till burſting thro' the Cloud with bright'ning Ray
Truth bids his Worth blaze forth in open Day.

With gaping Homage ſtaring Striplings come
From rural Revels to the Drawing-room:
Yet HYDE once knew from Courts what Friendſhip [ſprings,
And WENTWORTH pity'd Fools, that truſt in Kings.
Believe me, Contraries will never hit;
The Fop avoids the Clown, the Dunce the Wit;
With ſcornful Glance the peeviſh Pedant ſees
The Youth, whoſe Temper, Taſte, are form'd to pleaſe,

Potores liquidi media de nocte Falerni
Oderunt porrecta negantem pocula; quamvis
Nocturnos jures te formidare tepores.
Deme ſupercilio nubem: plerumque modeſtus
Occupat obſcuri ſpeciem, taciturnus acerbi.
Inter cuncta leges & percontabere doctos,
Qua ratione queas traducere leniter ævum;
Ne te ſemper inops agitet vexétque cupido,
Ne pavor, & rerum mediocritèr utilium ſpes:
Virtutem doctrina paret, naturáne donet:
Quid minuat curas, quid te tibi reddat amicum:
Quid purè tranquillet; honos, an dulce lucellum,
An ſecretum iter, & fallentis ſemita vitæ.
Me quoties reficit gelidus Digentia rivus,
Quem Mandela bibit, rugoſus frigore pagus;
Quid ſentire putas, quid credis, amice, precari?
Sit mihi, quod nunc eſt; etiam minus: & mihi vivam
Quod ſupereſt ævi, ſiquid ſupereſſe volunt Di:

And the two Siſters, who long Nights will ſip,
Jeer the poor Girl, that ſcarce will wet her Lip.
Would you, like LUCIO, take all Eyes, all Hearts?
Learn from his Converſe mild, yet ſprightly, Arts,
And win with Looks, that lively and ſerene
Speak the clear Sunſhine of the Soul within.
But ſtudy chief by Men or Books to find
What may allay the Longings of the Mind;
Cure her of all ſhe covets, or admires;
Wealth's wild Purſuits; Ambition's mad Deſires;
How to inſure a chearful Conſcience; where
To ſeek the ſoothing Antidote of Care;
Which to prefer; proud Gains of Cent per Cent,
Or humbler Lot of Little with Content;
The Crouded Haunts, where MAMMON plies his Trade,
Or the ſtill walks of Life's ſequeſter'd Shade.
Yes; let me own, when, loſt in rural Dream,
I wander, where *Cam* winds his willow'd Stream,

Sit bona librorum & proviſæ frugis in annum
Copia, ne fluitem dubiæ ſpe pendulus horæ.
Sed ſatis eſt orare Jovem, quæ ponit & aufert:
Det vitam, det opes: æquum mi animum ipſe parabo.

FINIS.

Here may I live, I cry; here, far from Strife,
Close the calm Scene of unambitious Life!
All Fortune's Gifts, no matter what they are,
The Wise, the Weak, the Virtuous, Vicious, share;
One Blessing from Myself I must receive;
'Tis Peace: NEWCASTLE has it not to give.

FINIS.